



MISS LEARY.
My Heart from my Bosom would Fly.

T H E
MUSES BANQUET,
O R
VOCAL REPOSITORY,
For the Year 1791.

B E I N G T H E
NEWEST AND MOST MODERN COLLECTION
O F
Songs, Duets, Trios, &c.

L A T E L Y S U N G A T T H E

Anacreontic Society
Theatres Royal
Vauxhall
Sadler's Wells

Dibdin's Oddities
Beef Steak Club
Aftley's
Circus

And at other Convivial and Polite Assemblies
in Town.

L O N D O N :

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(P R I C E S I X P E N C E .)

A D D R E S S .



THE Printer returns his sincere Thanks to a generous Public, for their liberal Support, in so speedily purchasing his first Collection of Songs; and begs leave to assure them, that nothing shall be wanting in him, to get the newest and most admired Songs which are sung at all the Public Places during this Season, together with the Addition of many wrote on Purpose for this Selection. He will not (like some Pretenders) boast of the Beauty and Elegance of the Type and Printing, but leave it to that Public whose Favor and Support he has experienced, and who always can discover real Merit. He further begs leave to inform them, that being the Printer, he is enabled to sell for Sixpence nearly as much in Quantity, as that for which some Persons charge One Shilling.

T H E

MUSES BANQUET, &c.

THE HONEST WATERMAN.

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

I Was, d'you see, a Waterman,
As tight and spruce as any ;
'Twixt Richmond town
And Horslydown
I turn'd an honest penny :
None could of Fortune's favours brag
More than could lucky I ;
My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in my sty.
With wherry tight,
And bosom light,
I cheerfully did row:
And to complete this princely life,
Sure never one had friend or wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

[Like my Poll, &c.
I roll'd

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
 Folks far and near carest me ;
 'Till woe is me,
 So lubberly,
 The vermin came and prest me.
 How could I all these pleasures leave ?—
 How with my wherry part ?
 I never took so on to grieve ;
 It wrung my very heart :
 But when on board
 They gave the word,
 To foreign parts to go,
 I ru'd the'moment I was born,
 That I should ever thus be torn
 From my Poll and my partner Joe.

Like my Poll, &c.

I did my duty manfully,
 While on the billows rolling ;
 And night or day
 Could find my way
 Blindfold to the main-top bowling.
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quicksands and gales of wind
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again
 The joys I left behind.
 In climes afar,
 The hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe.
 I will these perils all relate,
 As by my side attentive sit
 My wife and my partner Joe.

Like my Poll, &c.

At

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
 To give peace to the nation ;
 And honest hearts,
 From foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation.
 Like lightning, for I felt new life,
 Now safe from war's alarms,
 I return'd, and found my friend and wife
 Lock'd in each others arms :
 Yet fancy not
 I bore this lot,
 For him, a lubber, no,
 For seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the Devil I boldly kick'd
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

Like my Poll, &c.

P O O R T O M,
 A F A V O U R I T E S O N G,

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at Vauxhall.

HARK! the boatswain loud pipes, the
 signal alarms,
 Fair and soft blows the breeze to the main :
 And tho' my dear Poll I am torn from your
 arms,
 Do you think you'll ne'er see me again ?
 Ah ! no, never harbour a thought so unkind,
 Never think on the billows that roar ;
 I know there's a Cherub now sails on the wind,
 That will pilot thy Tom to the shore.

My

My country awhile claims the duty I owe,
 Which with hazard of life I will pay :
 Oh, stop then, my Poll, those tears that now flow,
 For 'tis Honour that calls me away :
 But should thy poor Tom feel death's fatal dart,
 Should he float a cold corpse on the wave ;
 Oh may not the news, when it reaches your
 heart,
 Cause a tear to be dropt on his grave !

I wou'd that my love, never sorrow shou'd
 know,
 That one sigh shou'd escape from her breast;
 Or from her sweet eye-lids one tear ever flow,
 That might rob her dear soul of its rest.
 When the tempest loud roars, when horrors
 assail,
 When our bark is high tost by the sea,
 Thy Tom shall remember, amid the rude gale,
 To bestow a kind thought upon thee.

Farewel, my dear Poll, till my country recalls
 Once again her bold tars from the main :
 Ne'er doubt but the thunder from our wooden
 walls
 Will soon humble the Dons of proud Spain.
 Then cheer up, my Poll, thy sorrows pray cease,
 For that gentle Commander above,
 When he pleases to spread the sweet ensign of
 peace,
 Will restore thy poor Tom to his love.

SANDY O' THE GREEN.

Sung by Miss LEARY, at Fauxhall.

NOW spring her sweets discloses
 And flow'rets deck the grove ;
 I'll mak, wi' sweetest roses,
 A garland for my love.
 The flow'rs that scent the air,
 Are not sae blooming seen ;
 Are not sae sweet and fair,
 As Sandy o'the Green.
*Nae lad can blink sae blithe and gay,
 Nae lad that e'er was seen,
 Sae sweetly on the pipe can play,
 As Sandy o'the Green.*

As o'er the burn a Maying
 I lately bent my way,
 I met young Sandy straying
 Wi' lads and lasses gay :
 I felt delight and pleasure
 To view his shape and mien ;
 Sure, then, my only treasure
 Is Sandy o' the Green.

Nae lad can blink, &c.

My Sandy vows he will be mine,
 The Kirk shall mak us ane,
 All other lasses he'll resign,
 And live for me alane :
 There's sae much joy in store for me,
 I envy not a Queen ;
 While I am blest wi' love and thee,
 Dear Sandy o' the Green.

*Nae lad can blink, &c.**Sung*

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN, in the SPOIL'D CHILD.

I AM a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, Sir ;
Of all the lives I ever led,
A sailor's life for me, Sir.

*Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.*

What girl but loves a merry tar ;
We o'er the world roam, Sir :
In ev'ry clime we find a port,
In ev'ry port a home, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his gun, Sir ;
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
And bang the haughty Dons, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdu'd—once more on shore,
We spend our cash with glee, Sir ;
And when all's gone, we drown our care,
And out again to sea, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

A favourite Ballad, by Mr. DIBDIN.

BEN Backslay lov'd the gentle Anna;
Constant as purity was she ;
Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.

One

One fatal morning saw them parting,
 While each the other's sorrow dry'd,
 They, by the tear that then was starting,
 Vow'd to be constant till they dy'd.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
 While howling winds the sky deform,
 Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
 And braves, for love, the frighted storm.

Alas, in vain! the vessel batter'd,
 On a rock splitting, opens wide,
 While lacerated, torn and shatter'd,
 Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd and dy'd.

The semblance of each charming feature,
 That Ben had worn around his neck,
 Where art stood substitute for nature,
 A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.

In fervent hope, while Anna burning,
 Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
 The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
 She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and dy'd!

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

A favourite Song, sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the
 salt deep,

Alas! I may'nt see him again,
 In spite of all talking, I could not but weep;
 To help him I'm sure was in vain.

Then

Then he broke from my arms, and bid me
farewel,

Saying come Poll, my soul, it won't do,
So d'hear, avast whining and sobbing, my girl:
'Tis all foolish nonsense in you.

I could not help thinking that Jack was in sight,
From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see;
*There's a sweet little Angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.*

Yet while he's at distance, each thought is em-
ploy'd,

And nought can delight me on shore:
I fancy at times that the ship is destroyed,
And Jack I shall never see more.
But then it's but fancy, that Angel above,
Who can do such a number of things,
I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
And so to myself I thus sing:
What matters repining, my heart shall be light,
For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little Angel, &c.

But should that sweet Angel, wherever he be,
Forget to look out after Jack—
Why then he may never return unto me,
Ah, never, no never come back:
But oh, it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
To make the salt water his grave;
And why should I then each tale tell or mind,
Or dread every turbulent wave:
Besides, I will never kind Providence flight,
For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little Angel, &c.

The

*The MAID of MARTINDALE.**A favourite Song, sung by Mr. PAGE, at Vauxhall.*

IN Martindale, a village gay,
 A damsel deigns to dwell,
 Whose looks are like a summer's day,
 Whose charms no tongue can tell ;
 Whene'er I meet her on my way,
 I tell my am'rous tale ;
 Then heave a sigh, or softly say,
 Sweet Maid of Martindale.

This nymph has numbers in her train,
 From Hodge up to the 'Squire ;
 A conquest makes of ev'ry swain ;
 All gaze, and all admire !
 Then where's the hope, alas ! for me,
 That I should e'er prevail :
 Yet, while I breathe, I'll think on thee,
 Sweet Maid of Martindale.

Should fate propitious be my lot,
 To call this charmer mine,
 I'd live content in lowly cot,
 And pompous thoughts resign :
 But if she scorns each heart-felt sigh,
 And leaves me to bewail ;
 For thee, my fair, for thee I'll die,
 Sweet Maid of Martindale.

SWEET NAN OF HAMPTON - GREEN.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at Vauxhall.

WITH care I've search'd the village round
And many a hamlet try'd ;
At last a fair I've hap'ly found,
Devoid of art and pride.

In a neat little cot,
It is her lot

A rustic life to lead ;

With tender care

Her lambkins rear,

And watch her ewes at feed.

Where Thames in silver current flows,

To beautify the scene ;

There blooms this fair, a blushing rose,

Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green.

Her eyes bespeak a soul for love,

Her manner form'd to please ;

In mildness equal to the dove,

With innocence and ease.

To paint her face,

Her form and grace,

All words are weak and vain ;

Enough to tell,

She does excell

The daughter of the main.

Where Thames, &c

When first this charmer I survey'd,

With doubt my heart was fraught ;

Fancy the beauteous maid pourtray'd

A goddess to my thought.

In am'rous bliss
 I stole a kiss,
 Which banish'd all alarms :
 Then joyful found,
 My wishes crown'd,
 Immortal in my arms.
Where Thames, &c.

THE SAILOR'S ROUZE. .

Tune—(*Come ye lads who wish to shine.*)

HEARTS of Oak, with vigour rouze,
 Danger never fearing :
 Now your country's cause espouse,
 And drub the foe that's daring.
*Soon the haughty Dons shall smart ;
 Soon we'll share their treasure :
 Always to a sailor's heart,
 A Spanish war gives pleasure.*

Boys, the happy moments watch,
 Let 'em know their masters ;
 From the Indies ship-loads fetch
 Of dollars and piastres.

Chorus.

If with us the chiefs of Spain
 Wish to be at variance ;
 With the foremost of the train
 We'll match an English Clarence.

Chorus.

B 2

Neptune

In

Neptune viewing Royal Game
Panting after glory,
Cries—"My sons, away to fame,
And rival ancient story."

Chorus.

Britain smiling seems to say,
"What is here expended,
"Costs and suit the Don shall pay,
"Before the cause is ended."

Chorus.

Unanimity's the toast,
(Courting no alliance)
That preserv'd, the British coast
May bid the world defiance.
*O'er the Spanish main to ride,
Not a soul will grumble:
Till the haughty Dons their pride
And insolence we'll humble.*

CHARMING KITTY.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at Vauxhall.

THO' many a nymph may claim my song,
For shape and grace, and features hand-
some,
Yet, Kate, such charms to thee belong,
As well are worth a monarch's ransom.
And had I India's wealth in store,
I'd shun with joy the court or city;
And live sequester'd evermore,
With thee, sweet maid, my charming Kitty
I many

I many an acre, Kate, can boast,
 Large tracts of lan^d, and golden treasure ;
 Then come, sweet girl, I love thee most,
 I'll lay it at thy feet with pleasure:
 For thee I'll e'en the sex resign,
 The fair, the brown, the gay, the witty ;
 If thou'lt be mine, and only mine,
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Then leave the shepherds, bonny Kate,
 Lay by the crook, each care give over ;
 And let me henceforth on thee wait—
 A task how pleasing to a lover !
 My life I'll dedicate to thee,
 And sing thee oft a tender ditty ;
 If thou'lt consent to live with me,
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty !

POOR TOM : OR, THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

By MR. DIBDIN.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For Death has broach'd him too.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

B 3

Tom

all.

song,
 s hand-

Kitty.
 I many

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare ;
 His friends were many and true-hearted ;
 His Poll was kind and fair.
 And then he'd sing so blyth and jolly—
 Ah ! many a time and oft ;
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When HE who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 Tom's life hath vainly doff'd :
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

The GREENWICH PENSIONER.

A New Song. By Mr. DIBDIN.

'T WAS in the good ship Rover
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years and over
 I ne'er touch'd British ground :
 At length in England landed,
 I left the roaring main ;
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore ;
 And when we made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore.

She

She lay so it did shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till sav'd from Davy's locker,
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thundering, lightning, hailing,
 The horrors of the fight ;
 My precious limb was lopp'd off,
 I, when they eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
 And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled
 To bring up in life's rear,
 Altho' I'm quite disabled,
 And lie in Greenwich tier.
 The King, God bless his royalty,
 Who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise his love and loyalty,
 But ne'er to sea again.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Mrs. CROUCH, in the Haunted Tower.

HUSH, hush ; such counsels do not give,
 A lover's name profaning ;
 And can her heart deceit advise,
 Wherever mighty love is reigning ?

Disimulation's path you've trod
 Too oft to go astray ;
 And whilst to me you point the road,
 Your footsteps mark the way.

THE

THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

By Mr. OAKMAN.

WHEN first I was enlisted,
 I was both young and gay ;
 Each lass I met, I kifs'd her,
 And tippled time away.
 I learn'd my exercise, Sir,
 And then was sent to fight ;
 And now a little wiser,
 Tho' in this hapless plight.

I went into the battle,
 Where thundering cannons roar ;
 O! such a horrid rattle
 I never heard before ;
 One bullet took a peeper,
 Thank God that one is left ;
 And yet I do not weep, Sir,
 Tho' of one leg bereft.

At Chelsea now the pension
 Gives comfort to my life ;
 And round the quart I mention
 My former deadly strife.
 Brown Bess I often shoulder,
 Forget my former pain,
 And fight to each beholder
 My battles o'er again.

I spend my money freely,
 With pleasure drink and sing :
 Whatever fate may deal me,
 God bless the Queen and King.

If foes again assail, then
 To garrison I'll go ;
 Brown Befs will never fail,
 When attacking of the foe.

A N E W S O N G.

By Mr. C——.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's
 sweet city,
 And for England's own self thro' the seas I
 did plough ;
For three days long was I tofs'd up and down,
 Like a quid of chew'd hay in the troat of a
 cow ;
 Whilst afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip,
 Sir,
 I clung like a cat fast hold for to keep, Sir,
 Round about the big post that grows out of the
 ship, Sir.

Oh ! its true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Then standing stock still all the while I was
 moving,
 Till Ireland's sweet coast I saw clean out of
 sight ;
 When finding myself a true Irishman born, Sir,
 Was leaving the ship on the shore for to light.
 A little board they put out, 'twas too narrow to
 quarter.

The very first step I was ready to totter,
 That I jump'd on dry land to my neck in the
 water.

Oh ! that was no time to sing Langolee.
 Then

Then with grief, cold, and hunger, I never
did feel more,
My stomach and bowels with hunger did
growl;
For to keep them in temper, I thought the best
way, Sir,
Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my
soul.
Then we went to a house where roast meat
they provide, Sir,
Where the whirlegig, which up the chimney I
spy'd, Sir,
That grinds all the smoke into powder, beside,
Sir.

Oh ! its true, as I'm now singing Langlee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage-
coaches,
That set out for London each night in the
week,
To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,
As a birth aboard one of them I went to seek.
As for the inside, I'd no cash in my casket,
Therefore, by your leave, Sir, I make bold to
ask it,
If your coach goes at twelve, pray what time
goes the basket ?

For there I can ride and sing Langlee.

Then the man made his mouth up, says he,
Sir, the basket

“Goes after the coach a full hour or two.”

“Very

“ Very well, Sir,” says I, “ that’s the thing
“ that I wanted.”

But the devil a word that he told me was true.
For the one goes before, and the other behind,
Sir ;

They set off cheek by jole, at the very same
time, Sir ;

So that very same day I set off by moonshine, Sir.

All alone by myself, singing Langolee.

Oh ! good luck to the moon, that noble sweet
creature,

That serves us with lamplight each night in
the dark ;

As for the sun only shines in day-time, by
which nature

Wants no light at all, as you all may remark.

But as for the moon, I will be bound, Sir,

’T would save this whole nation a great many
pound, Sir,

To subscribe for to light her up all the year
round, Sir.

Or I’ll never more sing about Langolee.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON at Vauxhall.

Scarlet coat and smart cockade

A Are passports to the fair ;

For Venus self was kind, ’tis said,

To Mars, the god of war.

Then since my country calls to arms,

Love’s livery I’ll wear ;

Nor seek reward, save Nanny’s charms,

But go a Volunteer.

Should

Should fortune smile, and grant me fame,
The laurel shall be thine;
The flowers of love I only claim.
Ah, let their sweets entwine.

Then since my country calls, &c.

All hardships seem as light as air,
While *British* maids we guard;
Each foldier has one darling care,
Her smiles his best reward.

Then since my country calls, &c.

A I R,

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, in the CRUSADE.

HARK! the distant piercing shrieks
Of shipwreck'd sailors round;
The billows break, the vessel sinks,
And tempests thicken round:
But Saracens no pity shew;
They triumph o'er the fallen foe.

See! on yonder shatter'd plank
A wretch for mercy calls;
In vain he hopes, for now it sinks,
Down to the bottom falls.

But Saracens, &c.

JACK

JACK THE GUINEA PIG.

Sung by Mrs. HARLOWE, at Sadler's Wells.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd, and the ship's
unmoor'd,

And landsmen lag behind, Sir,
The sailer joyful skips on board,
And swearing prays for wind, Sir.
Towing here, ye-hoing there,
*Steadily, readily, cherrily, merily,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a sailor's life at sea.*

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
The landsmen all grow sick, Sir;
The sailer lolls with his mind at ease,
And the song and the cann go quick, Sir.
Laughing here, quaffing there,

Steadily, readily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
And sings to landsmen dreary,
The sailer fearless goes to sleep,
Or takes his watch most cheary.
Boozing here, snoozing there,

Steadily, readily, &c.

When the sky grows black, and the wind blow
hard,

And landsmen skulk below, Sir,
Jack mounts up to the top-sail yard,
And turns his quid as he goes, Sir.
Hawling here, bawling there,

Steadily, readily, &c.

C

When

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
 And landsmen cry, all's gone, Sir,
 The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
 And jokes with Davy Jones, Sir.
 Dashing here, clashing there,

Steadily, readily, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,
 And landsmen hoist the boat, Sir,
 The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
 While a single plank's afloat, Sir.
 Swearing here, tearing there.

Steadily, readily, &c.

S O U N D A R G U M E N T.

Written and composed by Mr. DIEDIN.

WE Bipeds, made up of frail clay,
 Alas! are the children of sorrow;
 And tho' brisk and merry to-day,
 We may all be wretched to-morrow:
 For sunshine's succeeded by rain;
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should bring only pain,
 Let's all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know
 Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure;
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
 Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure.
 Thus friendship's a flimsy affair;
 Thus riches and health are a bubble;
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If

If a mortal would point out that life,
 That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
 Let him, thanking his stars, chuse a wife
 To whom truth and honour are given :
 But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
 That with all my respect to the fair,
 I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly ;
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy :
 That all those who laugh ought to cry ;
 That 'tis fine fun and frisk to be grieving ;
 And that, since we must all of us die,
 We shou'd taste no enjoyment while living,

O D E T O D E L I A.

By PETER PINDAR, *Esq.*

WHILST Poets pour their happiest lays,
 And call thee ev'ry thing divine ;
 Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
 To censure be the province mine.

Tho' born with talents to surprise,
 Thou seldom dost those powers display ;
 Thus seem they trifling in thy eyes—
 Thus Heav'n's best gifts are thrown away.

Tho' rich in charms, thou know'st it not ;
 Such is thine ignorance profound ;
 And then, such cruelty thy lot,—
 Thy sweetest smile inflicts a wound.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

By PETER PINDAR, *E/q.*

THE swains and the virgins so gay,
 Resort to my fountains and groves :
 Joy follows wherever they stray,
 And my vales seem the court of the loves.
 But with wonder they mark me forlorn,
 'Mid fountains and vallies so fair—
 Ah ! their hearts have no reason to mourn,
 Nor to heave the sad sigh of despair.
 To love, and be lov'd not again,
 Is a curse that embitters each hour ;
 Then dull are the songs of the plain,
 And faded the blooms of the bow'r !
 But with her who will smile on our sighs,
 Even rocks of the desert must bloom ;
 Pale night be a sun to our eyes,
 And the dungeon depriv'd of its gloom !

Sung by Miss FONTENEILLE, in Inkle and Yarico.

WHITE man never go away ;
 Tell me why need you ?
 Stay, stay—with your Wowsky stay ;
 Wowsky will feed you.

Cold

Cold moons are coming in,
Ah, don't grieve me !
I'll wrap you up in a leopard's skin,
White man don't leave me.

And when all the sky is blue,
Sun makes warm weather ;
I'll catch you a cockatoo,
Dress you in feather.
When cold comes, and when 'tis hot,
Ah, dont grieve me !
Poor Wowsky will be forgot,
White man don't leave me.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.

MY heart from my bosom would fly,
And wander, oh ! wander afar ;
Reflection bedews my sad eye,
For Henry is gone to the war.

*Oh ye winds, to my Henry bear
One drop, let it fall on his breast ;
The tear as pearl be wil wear,
And I in remembrance be blest.*

In vain smiles the glittering scene,
In vain blooms the roseate flow'r ;
The sunshine of April's not seen ;
I have only to do with the show'r.
Oh y

Ye winds that have borne him away,
 Restore the dear youth to my arms;
 Restore me to sun-shine and day;
 'Tis night till my Henry returns.

Ob ye winds, &c.

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

In COLLINS'S EVENING BRUSH.

O FORTUNE! how strangely thy gifts are
 awarded!
 How much, to thy shame, thy caprice is recorded;
 Since the wise, great, and good, of thy frowns
 seldom 'scape any;
 Witness poor Belisarius, who begg'd for a half-
 penny.

Date obolum, date obolum, date obolum Belisario.

He, whose fame for true valour was spread far
 and wide, Sir,
 And whom none but his country, true praise
 e'er deny'd, Sir,
 poor faithful dog was thro' Rome's city
 led, Sir,
 ne foot in the grave, forc'd to beg for his
 bread, Sir,

Date obolum, &c.

ing Roman Knight was by chance pass-
 ing by, Sir,
 Soldier's appearance at once caught his
 eye, Sir;

Am

And his purse in his helmet he dropt with a
 tear, Sir,
 While the vet'ran's sad story attracted his ear,
 Sir.

Date obolum, &c.

" I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd
 " for Rome, Sir ;
 " I have crown'd her with laurels, which for
 " ages will bloom, Sir ;
 " From her foes harsh dominion, I've rais'd
 " her to power ;
 " I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my
 " dower.

Date obolum, &c.

" I no soldiers e'er risq'd by attacking at ran-
 " dom ;
 " Or victory insured with a 'Nil desperandum ;
 " But whenever I fought, I made both friend
 " and foe know,
 " That all my design was—*Pro Publico Bono.*

Date obolum, &c.

" I no colonies lost, by attempts to enslave 'em,
 " Or of Roman's free rights ever strove to be-
 " reave 'em ;
 " Or to bow down their necks, to my pride or
 " my pleasure,
 " Have an Empire divided, or wasted its trea-
 " sure.

Date obolum, &c.

" Nor

- " Nor yet to enrich or ennoble myself, Sir,
 " Has my glory been tarnished with base views
 " of pelf, Sir ;
 " For such sordid designs I've so far been from
 " carving,
 " Blind and old, I've no chance, but of begging
 " or starving.

Date obolum, &c.

- " Now if Hero or Statesman should hear this
 " relation,
 " Whose deeds have still been for the good of
 " the nation ;
 " Who, tho' feeble and blind, shou'd, like me,
 " grope his way, Sir,
 " The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn
 " night to day, Sir.

Date obolum, &c.

- " But if wanting that light, at the close of life's
 " spark, Sir,
 " He at length comes to takes the great leap in
 " the dark, Sir ;
 " He may wish, while his friends wring their
 " hands round his bed, Sir,
 " That, like poor Belisarius, he'd begg'd for
 " his bread, Sir."

Date obolum Belisario.

ANNA,

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.

HARK ! hark ! hear the trumpet of war !
 How lively ! how cheerful its strain !
 It calls Briton's sons from afar,
 To fight the Armadas of Spain.
 It sounds sweet revenge in our ears,
 To make them smart well for their brag ;
 Which to do, we will pay 'em arrears,
 And wipe off the stain from our flag.
Then Britons be valiant, your courage display,
And add to old England another proud day.

How foolish and weak their decrees,
 How vain and pretended their hope,
 To think themselves Lords of the Seas,
 Because they've a Bull from the Pope.
 But Britons at this make a jest,
 And ne'er will subscribe to their notion ;
 For they know that those who fight best,
 Can only be lords of the ocean.
Then Britons, &c.

Our fleets then in readiness wait,
 In hopes of performing their vow ;
 And no one can doubt of Spain's fate,
 Since we are commanded by Howe :
 His sailor's are warm with desire,
 Their courage and strength to evince ;
 To conquer they're taught to aspire,
 Which lesson they've learn'd from their
 PRINCE.

Then Britons, &c.
The

The BONNY SAILOR.

Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.

BLOW cheerly, ye winds, till my Henry
return ;

Waves bear him once more to my arms :

Hope's soft soothing promise forbids me to
mourn,

Tho' his danger my bosom alarms.

O my bonny bonny sailor.

Gay soldiers, dull 'squires, and sportsmen pursue,
But I scorn all their offers of love ;

My heart is at sea, my Henry, with you,
And our vows are recorded above.

O my bonny bonny sailor.

May the foes of old England in haste be subdu'd,
Then my sailor no longer will roam :

The laurel is gain'd that his valour pursu'd,
And Cupid shall pilot him home.

O my bonny bonny sailor.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

SWEET is the dew-drop on the thorn,
That, like a prism, reflects the morn ;
Sweet is the cheering solar ray,
That compasses the ample day.

Sweet

Sweet is the balmy evening's close,
That shuts the foliage of the rose :
These to creation joys impart,
Like those which warm the grateful heart.

The little songsters on the spray,
Spontaneous chaunt their grateful lay,
Or, to the pebbly rivulet driven,
They sip, and lift their heads to heaven :

Or for the worm or insect fly,
To feed their craving progeny ;
Feelings a lesson that impart
To stimulate the grateful heart.

Mark vegetation ! wond'rous sight !
See how the germ breaks into light !
The fruitful shower the tree receives,
And fresher green adorns its leaves :

Man cultivates the grateful soil,
And flowers and fruit reward his toil ;
Plants, birds, all nature thus impart
Joys such as warm the grateful heart.

ANNA, OR THE ADIEU.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at Vauxhall.

WHEN the sails catch the breeze, and the
anchor is weigh'd,
To bear me from Anna, my beautiful maid,
The top-mast ascending, I look for my dear,
And sigh that her features imperfect appear:
Till

Till aided by fancy, her charms I still trace,
 And for me see the tears trickle down her pale
 face ;
 While her handkerchief waving solicits my view,
 And I hear her sweet lips sadly sigh out adieu !

The pleasing delusion not long can prevail,
 Higher rise the proud waves, and more brisk
 blows the gale :

The gale that regards not the sighs that it bears,
 The proud waves, still unmov'd, tho' augmented
 by tears.

Ah ! will ye not one single moment delay,
 Oh ! think from what rapture ye bear me
 away !

Then my eyes strain in vain my dear Anna to
 view,
 And a tear drops from each, as I sigh out adieu !

Yet some comfort it gives to my agoniz'd
 mind,

That I still see the land where I left her be-
 hind :

The land that gave birth to my charmer and
 me,

Tho' less'ning, my eyes beam with pleasure to
 see :

'Tis the casket that holds all that's dear to my
 heart,

'Tis the haven where yet we shall meet, ne'er to
 part !

If the Fates are propitious to lovers so true ;
 But if not, dearest Anna, a long, long adieu !

A FAVOURITE SONG.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

OF all sensations pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others grief that bears a part.

Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief.

Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews the soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot,
Let dangers come, he braves them all;
Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall.

Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.

Then trav'ller one kind drop bestow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews the soldier's grave.

D

POOR

P O O R W I L L.

IN IMITATION OF POOR JACK.

I'M a brisk jolly tar, and just going to sea,
 And my vessel's tight rigg'd for the main
 As Briton's, I'm told, should always be free,
 Your freedom I'll strive to maintain.

Let your beaux and your belles, if they will,
 scoff and sneer,
 And laugh at the ills I endure ;
 I'm a foe to deceit, and a stranger to fear,
 And I'm honest, although I am poor.

If my cup of existence should be dash'd with gall,
 Yet contented my station I'll fill ;
 For I know there's a providence rules over all,
 To protect and take care of poor Will.

When Bet heard the news she hung down her
 head,

But I gave her a hearty good smack ;
 Said I, " My dear girl, you have nothing to
 " dread —

" With honour I hope to come back ;

" Come dry up your tears, for a moment attend,

" My departure you must not oppose ;

" I'm a sailor you know, and I'm bound to de-
 fend

" Old England, and humble its foes.

" Then

Then have done with your whimp'ring, you
 "spirits recall,

K. "I have lov'd you, and so I do still;
 "And you know there's a Providence rules
 "over all,

main "To protect and take care of poor Will."

free, We're to hardships expos'd, but that we don't
 mind,

y will, When all night we're in the round top;
 The sea sometimes rough, and the weather un
 kind,

r, Cold, benumb'd, I am ready to drop.

h gall, When the lightnings do flash, and the thunder
 does roll,

er all, When the waves dashes us too and fro;
 When poor Jack heaves a sigh for his fav'rite
 Poll,

Then no fear nor no terror I know.

Should, when danger assail and tempest befall,
 With water a leak the ship fill,

ng to I know there's a providence rules over all,
 To protect and take care of poor Will.

tend, The French we will drub if they dare to come
 nigh,

o de- For their insolence we'll make them pay;
 As they've taught us to dance, we will learn
 them to fly,

Then And be glad to get out of our way.

Though I oft times have fought in my country's
 defence,
 No promotion I'm likely to gain :
 " There's no vacancy yet," that's always the
 pretence,
 So a common man still I remain.
 But if stretch'd on the deck by the stroke of a
 ball,
 With pleasure my blood I will spill,
 And that Providence trust which rules over all,
 To protect and take care of poor Will.
 If storms and if perils I chance to survive,
 And my voyage is crown'd with success,
 Our enemies vanquish'd, I come back alive,
 Then how happy I'd be with my Bess !
 If I fall, well and good, then there's an end of
 me,
 Though I've heard, if I right understand,
 That the great ruling Power protects us at sea,
 All the same as if we were on land.
 Farewel, then, I fly, at my country's call,
 In it's service I'll use all my skill ;
 For I know there's a providence rules over all,
 To protect and take care of poor Will.

A N N A.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung at Vauxhall.

FROM the plain where with pleasure I stray'd
 I fly to the bosom of night ;
 Since no longer its verdure is trod by the maid
 Whose presence imparted delight :

What

What scene but her smile could enrich,
 And sorrow awaited her frown;
 But she's gone—and for ever—my constancy
 now,

No more with kind looks will she crown.

Since her charms were to conquer ordain'd,
 There sweetness and elegance met;
 But ah! fleeting the moment her power she
 maintain'd,

And early her graces were set:
 Mortality grasp'd at his right,
 My Anna was laid on the bier;
 Afar from my sight, and when laid in the tomb,
 Alas! fate forbade to be near.

The glad debt of fair gratitude mine,
 When from others her praises I hear,
 For who knew her, but praises and wou'd with
 me join,

To tribute her worth with a tear.
 My bursting heart heaves the sad sigh,
 But ah! I bemoan her in vain;
 Then cease, cease, my fond grief, far beyond
 the blue sky
 She ranges exempted from pain.

A NEW SONG,

By PETER PINDAR, *Esq.*

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn
 The cold regard of Delia's eye?
 The heart whose only guilt is love,
 Can Delia's softness doom to die?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear,
 Thy beauties, ah, divinely bright—
 In one short hour by Delia's side
 I pass whole ages of delight.

Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,
 Not to displease a cruel maid,
 My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
 And murmur'd in the distant shade.

What happier shepherd has my smile,
 A bliss for which I hourly pine?
 Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale—
 Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine.

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
 And few the flocks those vales that rove;
 I court not Delia's heart with wealth,
 A nobler bribe I offer---love.

Yet, should the virgin yield her hand,
 And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone;
 The act may make my bosom bleed,
 But surely cannot bless her own.

THE SUMMUM BONUM.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at Vauxhall.

GIVE me wine, rosy wine, that foe to despair,
 Whose magical power can banish all care;
 Of friendship the parent, composer of strife,
 The soother of sorrow and blessing of life.
 The schools about happiness warmly dispute,
 And weary the sense of the phantom pursuit:
 In spite of their maxims I dare to define
 The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.
 To

To the coward a warmth it ne'er fails to impart,
 And opens the lock of a miserly heart,
 While thus we carouse it, the wheels of the soul.
 O'er life's rugged highway agreeably roll,
 Each thinks of his charmer who never can cloy,
 And Fancy rides post to the regions of joy.
 In spite of dull maxims, I dare to define
 The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

'Tis the balsam specific that heals ev'ry fore,
 The oft'ner we taste it we like it the more ;
 Then he who the court of fair Venus would know
 Undaunted, thro' Bacchus's vineyard must go :
 In spite of dull maxims I dare to define
 The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

CHELSEA QUARTERS.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.

COME, hear an old campaigner's song,
 A British soldier's story ;
 Who oft has train'd the martial throng
 To noble deeds of glory.

But let not boasting swell my praise,
 Who's fac'd hot balls and mortars ;
 In hopes to spend my latter days
 In peace, in Chelsea Quarters.

On

On swampy grounds, and burning lands,
 In march and counter marches :
 I've met in fight the hostile bands :
 And sunk beneath my gashes ;
 Yet, innate valour cheer'd my heart
 'Tis fear the coward slaughters,
 And he that takes a soldier's part
 Secur'd me Chelsea Quarters.

To say what foes my arm has slain,
 Would dastard be to venture :
 My duty ne'er regarded pain,
 In van, or rear, or centre :
 Full oft I've drench'd my sword in blood
 And forded many waters,
 In hopes when war should cease her flood
 To fix in Chelsea Quarters.

And heaven bless his majesty,
 Who leaves a veteran — never :
 Grown old and hack'd up, as you see,
 He's pension'd me for ever ;
 My rent is fix'd at last for life,
 And safe from mines and mortars ;
 Tho' kingdoms wage eternal strife,
 I'll ne'er quit Chelsea Quarters.

S O N G.

By Peter PINDAR, Esq.

DOOM'D by my fortune's fickle star,
 Dear maid ! I seek the dan'grous wave,
 Condemn'd by thee to wander far—
 To love and Delia's charms a slave.—

Yet

Yet e'er thy balmy lips I leave,
 And quit thy bosom's snowy white,
 Oh Nymph, my tears, my sighs receive,
 And grant me thine, my last delight.
 On each bright tear shall fancy dwell,
 And memory each soft sigh restore ;
 Thus doat upon the sweet farewell
 Like misers on their golden store.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD,

By Mr. DIEDIN.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave,
 Scarcely the vessel's side could lave,
 When in the mizen top his stand
 Tom Clueline taking, spy'd the land.

Oh what reward for all his toil !
 Once more he views his native foil,
 Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
 That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,
 Tender and plaintive as her woe,
 Serene was the attentive eve,
 That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.

“ Oh what avails,” cry'd she, “ my pain ?
 “ He's swallow'd in the greedy main :
 “ Ah never shall I welcome home,
 “ With tender joy, my honest Tom.”

Now

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the main arise
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes.

A ribband near his heart which lay,
Now see him on his hat display,
That given sign to shew that fate
And brought him to his bonny Kate.

Near a cliff whose heights command,
A prospect of the shelly strand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blam'd,
Sudden with rapture, she exclaim'd,

" But see, oh heav'n! a ship in view,
" My Tom appears among the crew,
" The pledge he swore to bring safe home,
" Streams on his hat—'tis honest Tom.

What now remains were easy told,
Tom comes, his pockets lin'd with gold ;
Now rich enough no more to roam
To serve his king, he stays at home.

Recounts each toil, and shows each scar,
While Kitty and her constant tar
With rev'rence teach to bless their fate,
Young honest Tom's and bonny Kate.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

Sung by Mr. FIBBIN, in the WAGS.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
That tears from a stone might provoke,
'Tis concerning a tale you must know
As honest as e'er biscuit broke.

His

His name was Ben Block, of all men
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave,
 But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben
 In his prime found a wat'ry grave.

His place no one ever knew more,
 His heart was all kindness and love ;
 Though on duty an eagle he'd fear,
 His nature had most of the dove.
 He lov'd a fair maid named Kate ;
 His father to int'rest a slave,
 Sent him far from love, where hard fate
 Plung'd him deep in the wat'ry grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues
 A false friend his mild nature abus'd ;
 And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
 To poison Ben's pleasure accus'd :
 That she never had truly been kind
 That false where the tokens she gave,
 That she scorn'd him, and wish'd she might find
 In the ocean a wat'ry grave.

Too sure from this cank'rous elf,
 The venom accomplish'd its end ;
 Ben, all truth and honor himself,
 Suspected no fraud in his friend :
 On the yard while suspended in air,
 A loose to his sorrows he gave,
 Take thy wish, cry'd he, false cruel fair,
 And plung'd in the wat'ry grave.

SONG,

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM, at the Revolution Society.

BEHOLD Gauls free enlighten'd land
 The rights of man declare,
 And other realms those rights demand,
 Which all mankind should share :
 This flame which ev'ry breast should know,
 In Britons bosoms learn'd to glow.

Fair freedom shot its transient light,
 On ancient Greece and Rome,
 Then sudden sunk in erring night,
 Nor could she fix her home ;
 Thus Albion's happy shore she found,
 Whose radiance lights the nations round.

Should Franks and Britons nobly join
 As arbiters of right,
 And each emancipated clime,
 Oppression put to flight ;
 Then might we hope one day to see
 All nations happy, great and free.

HARK, HARK! hear the TRUMPET of WAR

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.

HARK, hark! hear the trumpet of war ;
 How lively and cheerful its strain ;
 It calls Britain's sons from afar,
 To fight the armada's of Spain ;

It

It sounds sweet revenge in our ears,
 To make them smart well for their brag,
 Which to do we will pay 'em arrears,
 And wipe off the stain from our flag.

C H O R U S.

*Then Britons be valiant, your courage display,
 And add to Old England another proud day.*

How foolish and weak their decrees,
 How vain and pretended their hope,
 To think themselves lord of the seas,
 Because they've a bull from the Pope ;
 But Britons of this make jest,
 And ne'er will subscribe to their notion ;
 For they know that those who fight best,
 Can only be lords of the ocean.

Then Britons, &c.

Our fleets then in readiness wait,
 In hopes of performing their vow ;
 And no one can doubt of Spain's fate,
 Since we are commanded by Howe :
 His sailors are warm with desire
 Their courage and strength to evince,
 To conquer they're taught to aspire,
 Which lesson they have from their Princes.

E

Then Briton's, &c.

THE FLOWING CAN.

Written and composed by Mr. DIBDIN.

A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,
 He works now late, now early ;
 Now up and down, now too and fro,
 What then, he takes it cheerly :
 Blest with a smiling can of grog,
 If duty call,
 Stand, rise, or fall,
 To fate's last verge he'll jog :

The kedge to to weigh,
 The sheets belay,
 He does it with a wish ;
 To heave the lead,
 Or to cat-head,
 The pond'rous anchor fish ;
 For, while the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man :

*We sing a little, and laugh a little,
 And work a little, and swear a little,
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
 And swig the flowing can.*

If howling winds and roaring seas
 Give proof of coming danger,
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
 For Jack's to fear a stranger :
 Bless'd with the smiling grog we fly,
 Where now below
 We headlong go,
 Now rise on mountains high :

Sight

Spight of the gale
 We hand the sail,
 Or take the needful reef,
 Or man the deck,
 To clear some wreck,
 To give the ship relief :
 Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our fate is hard,
 Though storms at sea thus treat us ;
 For coming home, a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us :
 Now to the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gayly sing and laugh :

The sails we furl,
 Then for each girl
 The petticoat display ;
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey ;
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, &c.

ABSENCE TO CYNTHIA.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

HERE, Cynthia, let thy beauty beam,
 Too long yon vallies have been blest ;
 Too long yon fountain's happy stream
 Hath borne thine image on its breast.

Oh, haste to these deserted bow'rs !
 And him whose sighs have pierc'd thy grove,
 To tell what sorrows load the hours,
 Whilst others strive to gain thy love.

Sweet wand'rer listen to my prayer,
 Return and banish every sigh ;
 Oh, haste, if aught I boast be fair,
 And hold a charm for Cynthia's eye.

In vain I ask---my sighs are vain,
 Th' admiring swains withhold the maid,
 Whose smiles are sunshine to their plain,
 Whose absence forms a midnight shade.

I CAN BEAT HIM, SIRs, AT THAT.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Miss NEWMAN, at Vauxhall.

BUT three months yet I've been a wife,
 And spouse already shews his airs ;
 I wish I'd liv'd a single life,
 But as I could not, why, who cares ?

Besides,

Besides, let husband use his tongue,
 And bounce, and scold, and cock his hat!
 By Jove, he'll find, I'm not so young,
 But I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

I'll go to operas, balls, and plays,
 Or where I like, and won't be check'd;
 Egad, I'll racket nights and days,
 Until he treats me with respect:
 And if he romps with—I know who,
 Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat;
 And faith may find, and shall so too,
 That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

But this I vow, if he'll be good,
 And let me sometimes have my will,
 (Young wives you know, most surely shou'd,)
 I'll duly ev'ry rite fulfil:
 And never, O no!—never rove,
 But stay with dear at home and chat;
 And prove by kindest deeds of love,
 That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, in the CRUSADE.

HARK! the distant piercing shrieks
 Of shipwreck'd sailors round,
 The billows break, the vessels sink,
 And tempests thicken round;
 But Saracens no pity shew,
 They triumph o'er the fallen foe.

E 3

See!

See! on yon shatter'd plank,
 A wretch for mercy calls;
 In vain he hopes, for now it sinks,
 Down to the bottom falls.

But Saracens, &c.

A I R,

Sung by Mr. EDWIN, in the CRUSADE.

Tune—The Vicar of Bray.

SHE is the fairest, sweetest fair,
 The loveliest that e'er walk'd Sir;
 So beautiful, she ne'er was seen,
 So witty, she ne'er talk'd Sir;
 She never dares to contradict,
 Or even think of billing;
 She neither dresses, eats or drinks,
 Or costs a single shilling.

Then where's the knight who would not give

The girl so fair a bonny bus?

What married man who would not wish

His wife, Sir, an anonymous?

While other lovers weep and sigh,
 And daily, nightly, watch, Sir;
 I love a princess in the sky,
 Who cannot fight or scratch, Sir.
 In two things more she far out does
 All other wedded ladies—

Her husband never can have horns,
 Or, what is worse, Sir, babies.

Then where's the knight, &c.

SCOTCH

SCOTCH LAUGHING SONG.

Sung by Miss NEWMAN, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey, I vow, was the bonnie
lad,

That e'er tun'd a pipe on the banks of the Tay;
Each grace that delighted, from nature he had,
Tho' frolicksome, modest, tho' diffident, gay.
But pride in my bosom assum'd a control,
Compelling soft love for a time to withdraw;
And when he essay'd to unbosom his soul,
Coquetish I flounc'd with a ha, ha, ha, ha!

In language persuasive the shepherd oft try'd,
In vain, to convince me how ardent his flame;
For still his fond suit with disdain I deny'd,
But soon found a cause my demeanor to blame.
One eve through the grove as I wantonly
stray'd,

With Kate in soft converse. my lover I saw;
The jealousy stung me, which pleas'd, he sur-
vey'd,
And carelessly jogg'd on with a ha, ha, ha, ha!

A cloud of despair now envelop'd my mind,
Contrition did sorely my conduct upbraid;
As droops the parch'd rose, so my beauties de-
clin'd,

Which Jockey perceiving, soon flew to my aid,
To church then he led me, and made me his
bride,

I freely confess, that his will was my law;
By h, men united, all folly aside,
We cheerfully join in the ha, ha, ha, ha;

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN, in the SPOIL'D CHILD.

SINCE then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to
 prove,
 To quit each object of my infant care ;
 Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,
 And driven the keenest, keenest storms of
 fate to bear :
 Ah ! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
 Your frowns too sure, wou'd break my sink-
 ing heart.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lonely state,
 Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here !
 And when, perhaps, your musing o'er my fate,
 You still may greet me with a tender tear.
 Ah ! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
 Your frowns too sure, would break my sinking
 heart.

S O N G.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

SAY, lonely maid, with downcast eye,
 And cheeks with silent sorrow pale ;
 What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
 Which heaving tells a mournful tale ?

Thy

Thy tears, which thus each other chase,
 Bespeak a heart o'erwhelm'd with woe :
 Thy sighs a storm that wrecks my peace,
 And souls like thine should never know.

O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
 Too often blest'd, those beauties flight ?
 And leave these thrones of love and truth,
 That lip and bosom of delight !

What tho' to other nymphs he flies,
 And fondly feigns the impassion'd tear,
 Breathes all the eloquence of sighs,
 Which treach'rous won thy artless ear :

Let not those nymphs, thy envy move,
 For whom his soul may seem to pine ;
 That heart shall ne'er be blest'd with love,
 Whose guilt can force a pang from thine.

The INDIAN's COMPLAINT in CAP- TIVITY.

By PETER PINDAR, *Esq.*

WHEN Mora eye be drown'd wid tear,
 And heart like lead sink down wid woe ;
 De voice of distant friend me hear,
 And see dere eye like fountain flow.
 No more wid them me sing so gay,
 But sigh, adieu dear Dohomay.

But

But why do Yarrad live a slave,
 And see a slave his Mora dear !
 Come, let my love we seek de grove,
 No chain, no tyrant den we fear ;
 Me tink me hear some spirit say,
 Come to de grove of Dohomay.

Den gold I find for de once more,
 Again to fields for flowers depart ;
 To please de idol me adore,
 And give wid gold and flowers my heart ;
 Far off those streams do wind away,
 Far off the fields of Dohomay.

THE MORN INVITING TO LOVE.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.

THE sun, when arising bespangles the dew,
 And tints with his glory the skies ;
 All nature's in motion, how charming the view,
 When day is beginning to rise !
 The morning is lovely, Maria, awake :
 Let us haste to the myrtle alcove,
 Or stay by the side of the crystalline lake,
 While the morn is inviting to love.

Did thy mind turn on me in thy dreams in the
 night ?

Did I e'er to thy fancy appear ?
 Did no fond idea thy bosom delight ?
 Maria, unfold to my ear ;

Unseen

Unseen and unheard you tell it me now,
 Not a witness is here but the dove,
 Which mourns for its mate on the olive-tree
 bough,
 While the morning's inviting to love !
 The winter, Maria, will come on apace,
 As summer begins to depart:
 Come then, in my bosom a confidence place,
 And speak the fond wish of thy heart.
 O let us, my fair, be united to-day,
 And haste to the church in the grove;
 Nor let us the pleasing occasion delay,
 While the morn is inviting to love.

S O N G.

*Sung at the Celebration of the Anniversary of French
 Freedom, written for the Occasion.*

GALLANT Nation foes no more !
 Gen'rous Britons hail the day,
 That from Gallia's culter'd shore
 Chac'd tyrannic pow'r away.

C H O R U S.

*Hail, sacred freedom !
 Let Britons hail the day
 That rescued France
 From lawless sway.*

Late

Late a band of Patriots rose,
 Firm in freedom's glorious cause,
 Feeble slaves in vain oppose
 Rights secured by equal laws.

Myrtle wreaths entwine their brows,
 Branchy myrtle decks the blade,
 While, like us, they pay their vows
 To each Patriot's Hero's shade.

Hampden, Sydney, names rever'd!
 Boast of Albion's sea-girt isle,
 Martyr'd Russel, shade endear'd,
 On this day propitious smile.

Transatlantic spirits bend,
 Pleas'd our festive rights to see,
 Franklin, Freedom's ablest friend!
 Warren and Montgomery.

Martial youths, in Britain bred,
 Kindle with congenial zeal,
 Freedom's path resolv'd to tread,
 Jealous of the public weal.

Should tyrannic force again
 Raise her Hydra heads on high,
 Welcome, then, the hostile plain,
 Freemen dauntless dare to die.

Verdant Myrtle's branchy pride,
 Shall my thirsty blade entwine,
 Such, *Harmodius*, deck'd thy side;
 Such, *aristogiton* thine!

(6r)

THE FORECASTLE SAILOR.

THE wind blew a blast from the northward,
When we steer'd from the Cape of Good
Hope,

The sky look'd both pitchy and wayward,
And the sea o'er our weather bow broke.
The boatswain pip'd all hands to bale her,
And I came down the back stay so glib;
For I am a forecastle sailor,
You may see from the cut of my jib.

"Start my timbers!" cry'd Ned Junk of Dover,
Plump to me as I landed on deck.
"With us it will soon be all over,
"For the Guardian will soon be a wreck:"
Well, well, we sha'nt live to bewail her,
Cry'd I, and I pelted his rib,
Come, work like a true hearted sailor,
An I don't, the gale shiver my jib.

We were running at nine knots an hour,
When two leagues to the leeward we spy'd
An island of ice, like a tow'r,
And on it our ship swiftly hie'd:
But now it was no use to bail her,
The water gain'd on us so glib,
So each, like a true hearted sailor,
Waited fate for to shiver his jib.

Some took to the boat—d'ye mind me?
While some on the vessel's deck stood,
Cry'd I, may old Davy Jones take me,
If I fail from my captain so good.

F

Now

Now Providence help'd us to bail her,
 We manag'd to patch up her rib,
 Safe arriv'd is each true hearted sailor,
 To rig out his weather-beat jib.

THE WOODEN LEG.

Sung at the FANDANGO.

WHEN first I left my dearest Peg,
 To fight proud France and Spain;
 It was to wear a wooden leg,
 Or win a golden chain:
 The one I've got, the other lost
 Tho' fore against my will,
 But tho' dame Fortune has me crost,
 I'll fight for England still.

*Then hoist aloft the grog, my boys,
 And let us merry be;
 'Tis grog alone will raise our souls
 To triumph o'er the sea.*

But when upon the deck I stand,
 I'll think on my dear Peg,
 And boldly with my sword in hand,
 Cock up my wooden leg,
 I've one left still,—should that go next,
 From battle I'll ne'er fly,
 But holdly on my stumps I'll fight,
 Ah, manly till I die!

Then hoist aloft the can, my boys, &c.

A FAVOUR-

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Miss Newman, at Vauxhall.

COME lasses and list to my song,
 A good matrimonial receipt;
 In chusing you'll never be wrong,
 I'll mark you the lover complete:
 For spite of your blushes I know,
 A lover is never amiss;
 The lass that's most apt to say—no,
 Is sometimes inclin'd to say—yes.

If fond of red coat and cockade,
 I pray let this hint be enough;
 A man that makes fighting his trade,
 Thinks he ne'er can have fighting enough.
 The coxcomb's all tinsel and shew;
 The rake is a stranger to bliss;
 Be sure still to answer them—no,
 However inclin'd to say—yes

Your wits are more noisy than great,
 Avoid all those knowing one's pray;
 Your fools are too fond of their prate,
 Tho' in fact they have nothing to say;
 But the lad who is honest and kind,
 Who in constancy places his bliss,
 When he ask if to love you're inclin'd,
 Be honest enough to say—yes.

THE INVITATION TO THE LADIES.

Sung by Mr. Darley, Vauxhall.

YE fair British belles, one and all I invite you
 Each night at Vauxhall, where good humour's afloat ;
 Where the goddess of pleasure presides to delight you,
 And adjudge to the winner her favourite boat.

*And if the young waterman, charm'd with your beauty,
 But know their endeavours are seen by your eyes ;
 How the youths will each season be proud of the duty !
 To row for your smiles, and our annual prize.*

The hero who rushes to war with Bellona,
 Contends for the laurel that's given by you ;
 And but for that glory would spurn and disown her,
 For woman's the conquest mankind have in view !

And if the young waterman, &c.

The monarch and peasant in every dominion,
 As conscious of beauty's imperial sway,
 Of woman, dear woman, are firm in opinion
 That she is the sunshine that brightens our way.

*And if the young waterman, &c.
 Then*

Then ladies be mindful, each night I invite you,
To grace our Vauxhall where good humour's
afloat ;

Where the goddess of pleasure presides to delight
you,

And adjudge to the winner her favourite boat.

And if the young waterman, &c.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. EDWIN, in the Opera of the Czar.

Tune, Ching chit quaw.

WHEN a buxom lass I see,
I never ask her what country,
If she's plump, my heart jump, thus beats tat
too,

Tip a tap a tap a tip a tap tap tip taw ;

Her slender waist,

Just hits my taste,

Delicate, tiny, whiney, kiss'd you'll be,

Fair, or black, or brown, or red, all girls for me.

When a blythe Scotch lass I ken ;

Oh, what's the matter with me then !

Such a rout, here's about, my heart bonny,

Tip a tap a tap a tip a tap tap tip taw.

Ha, hoot awa' !

But he's e'en fae bra',

Bu's and crack a bannock, bonny lad with me,

Huggus and mither of gued auld whisky.

An Irish woman when I see,
 Oh, what's the matter than with me!
 O whack, botheram whack,
 Tip a tap a tap a tip a tap tip taw,
 My heart merry,
 Let me alone, but her eyes og' bone,
 Cry poge a poge poge with me,
 Arrah! poge a poge a poge my gramachree.
 A fine French woman when I fees
 What's the matter than with me,
 Ah! mon ames, O madame,
 Tip a tap a tip a tap tip tap taw,
 Her tongue says fie!
 But her eyes says
 Baifez baifez baifez, avec moi,
 Venez baifer baifer baifer on deux trois.
 When an English girl I view,
 Then with heart and soul I woo,
 There it bounds, death and zounds? charming
 Nelly,
 Tap a rapa rap tap a coo coo coo;
 Tongue may deny,
 But her roguish eye,
 Cries a kifs a kifs and kifs'd I'll be,
 Ah you wicked devil come and kifs with me.

The following Songs are selected from the
 SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

A I R.—Sung by Mrs. Bland.

ALL will hail the joyous day,
 When Love his triumph shall display;
 The dance shall mingle old and young,
 The rustic pipe assist the song;

The

The sprightly bells, with welcome sound,
 Shall spread the happy news around
 And give a hint to maidens coy,
 That youth they should not misemploy.

Yuseph will, with fullen pride,
 Envy joys to wealth deny'd;
 And as we trip with merry glee,
 With himself as poor as we.

The sprightly bells, &c.

A I R. — *Mr. Dignum.*

HOW few know how to value life
 And taste its real joys,
 Unmix'd with jealousy and strife,
 With anger, pride and noise.

*Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
 And scorn me if they please ;
 Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,
 And lead a life of ease.*

Limpid and pure life's current seems,
 Till passion's wild mistake,
 In madness, troubles all the streams
 Of which he must partake.

Let riches, power, and pomp surpass, &c.

A I R. — *Signora STORAGE.*

WHAT can mean that thoughtful frown?
 Why those eyes to earth cast down,
 Tell me what amiss they see :
 Let them kindly look on me.

La ral lal la !

What

What then would my dearest have?
 Come, indeed, I will be grave,
 And with melancholic face,
 Calmly hear the piteous case.
La ra! la! la.

A I R.—*Mr. BANNISTER, junior.*

HOW provoking your doubts! do you
 think I'm a fool?
 In the heat of the battle you know I was cool;
 While ourselves and our neighbours
 With guns, pistols, sabres,
 Were cutting and slashing,
 Mahomedans haining.

But need I care for that—since time's on the
 wing,

You see I am merry—you hear how I sing
Tol de rol, &c.

You see I am merry—you hear how I sing.

That jade, Madam Lilla—that gipsy, afar,
 Is jiggling away to the Turkish guitar;
 While great smooth-chin'd fribbles,
 With vile squeaking trebles,
 Chant her praises to cheer
 That curst Seraskier!

'Till the hankerchief's thrown—but then what's
 that to me?

It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy you see,
Tol de rol, &c.

It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy you see.

A I R

A I R.—Mr. Suet.

SOME time ago I married a wife,
And she, poor soul, was the plague of my
life;

I thought, when I lost her, my troubles were
done,

But i'faith I find they're just begun.

Tho' she's gone,

Still 'tis all one,

My troubles, alas! are just begun.

A magistrate I next became ;

To be impartial was my aim,

No distinction I made between great and small :

Plaintiffs, defendants—I fleec'd them all ;

Great and small,

Fleec'd them all,

Turks and Christians, I cheated 'em all.

In praise of honesty I've heard

As policy 'tis much preferr'd,

Then if 'tis best in life's repast,

The daintiest dish, I'll taste the last,

Honest at last,

Tir'd of the past,

Perhaps as a change I may try it at last.

D U E T T.—Signora STORACE, and Mr.

BANNISTER, junior.

Sig. S. **T**HO' you think by this to vex me.

Love no more shall give me pain,

Mr. B. Vainly strive not to perplex me,

You shall dupe me ne'er again.

Sig. S. Now

Sig. S. Now your falshood is requited
I'll enjoy a single life.

Mr. B. Hark! to glory I'm invited,
By the chearful drum and fife.

Sig. S. By consent then now we sever.

Mr. B. Love's all nonsense—freedom's sweet;

Sig. S. And we take our leave for ever,

Mr. B. Never more again to meet.

Sig. S. Never more.

Mr. B. Never more.

Sig. S. I don't want, Sir, to allure you,
I don't wish your stay, not I.

Mr. B. I'm quite happy, I assure you,
Gladly I pronounce good bye!

Sig. S. You have chang'd your mind believe me.

Mr. B. No—I told you so before.

Sig. S. Can you have the heart to leave me?

Mr. B. Yes: I'll never see you more.

Sig. S. Never more;

Mr. B. ——— Never more.

Both. Never more my love shall leave me;
Never part—no, never more.

THE CONVENTION.

By *Mr. Oakman*,

Tune———*Derry down.*

MOST faucy the Dons of Spain lately were
found,
And insulted Old England about *Nootka Sound*;
Then *Billy the Grocer*—he talk'd very big,
And declar'd for the Dons he car'd not a fig.

Derry down, &c.
Rat

Rat a tat beat the drum, to alarm the whole nation,

To recruit, and to press, on this pressing occasion ;

Dispatch on dispatch then was sent forth to Spain,

Which went with all speed, and return'd back again.

Derry down, &c.

A fleet fitted out, and the soldiers all ready,

Blood and thunder the word, fight, fight my boys, steady !

The Dons shall knock under, you need not to doubt,

Since they have begun, we will sure see it out.

Derry down, &c.

When lo, as the mountain once brought forth a mouse ;

Of glory and honour Old England to chouse ;

After all the expence and such vast preparation,

A *Convention* appears, to amuse the whole nation.

Derry down, &c.

Thus after this noise, this confusion, and hurry,

High words which were filled with bluster and fury,

Master *Billy's Convention* arrives, to be sure,

And proves we are in the same case as before.

Derry down, &c.

For the insult we have not the least satisfaction,

For trouble, expence, and the nation's distraction ;

Yet the wisdom of Pitt to the world will be known,

Who surely must laugh, and sing heigh derry down.

Derry down, &c.

TAKE NO CARE FOR TO-MORROW.

*By Mr. Oakman.*Tune—Dibdin's *Sound Argument*.

SINCE life is surrounded with care,
 To sigh and repine is a folly ;
 I ne'er will give way to despair—
 So a fig for all dull melancholy :
 While I've health I will drink and will sing,
 And so I will drive away sorrow ;
 As happy in mind as a king,
 And take little care for to-morrow.

If Fortune should happen to frown,
 As often she does there's no doubt on't,
 Good humour shall still be my own ;
 And so I shall make no more rout on't
 With a bottle and glass, and a friend,
 And a pipe I will whiff away sorrow ;
 Contented each moment I'll spend,
 And take little care for to-morrow.

Alike in the country or town,
 I'll cast away troublesome thinking,
 And ev'ry reflection I'll drown,
 While a jorum of nappy I'm drinking.
 When my money is all of it gone,
 And none of my friends I can borrow ;
 Let Death, when he pleases, come on,
 And I shan't care a pin for to-morrow.

S O N G.

Tune—"Says Plato, why should Man be vain?"

By Mr. Oakman.

AH Fortune! why should I repine?
 Who has not made me rich and great:
 Content, and social friends, be mine;
 Then what care I for pomp or state?
 The flowing bowl, the circling glass,
 The jocund song, the merry tale,
 With pleasure bid each moment pass,
 Can wealth, or title turn the scale?

No!—with such happiness in view,
 Sorrow and care away recede;
 And Nancy kind, and always true,
 Makes me in fancy blest indeed;
 And happiness (the sages say,)
 Is only in opinion found;
 Then I'll be happy while I may,
 So let the wheel of life go round.

I know what to-morrow may,
 By fate ordain'd, to me allot;
 So let me merry be to-day,
 What is in future matters not:
 Then push about the chearful glass,
 Let us like social friends unite,
 Drink, sing, and toast the smiling lass,
 And crown each moment with delight.

G

LAUGHING

LAUGHING SONG.

Tune—*The Wicked Wits.**By Mr. Oakman.*

MY chearful mind,
 To mirth inclin'd,
 Is ever on the wing;
 As blithe and gay,
 As birds in may,
 I hail the smiling spring.
 My youthful breast
 No fears molest,
 I pass the time away,
 And in the ring,
 I'm heard to sing,
With ha! ba! ba! ba! ba!

My blooming face,
 My shape, my grace,
 The youthful shepherds praise;
 To win my mind,
 Each is inclin'd,
 With adulating lays:
 I list, 'tis true,
 When e'er they woo,
 Yet laugh at what they say;
 For in the ring,
 I still will sing,
With ha! ba! ba! ba! ba!

Untouch'd

Untouch'd my heart,
 With Cupid's dart,
 From morn to eve I rove ;
 Tho' ev'ry swain
 I hear, complain,
 Yet all alike I love.
 Brisk as a bee,
 I will be free,
 And pass my time away ;
 Let time advance,
 I'll join the dance,
 With ha! ha! ha! ha!

S O N G.

Tune—"Ye mortals whom troubles and fancies
 perplex."

By Mr. Oakman.

NO longer shall Kitty or Sally perplex,
 With vanity teaze, and impertinence vex;
 When they smile, I will smile, when they're
 gay, I'll be gay,
 But when they are peevish, good by, I will say;

*With jolly companions the moments I'll pass,
 And make myself happy with bottle and glass.*

If Care should intrude, I will bid him begone,
 And other folks business ne'er make my own ;
 The deep politicians may join in debate,
 I've nothing to do with affairs of the state ;

With jolly &c.

G 2

My

My wish is to pass through this journey of life,
 To shun all vexation, confusion and strife,
 To do no injustice to one or to other,
 But live happy together, as brother and brother:

With jolly &c.

S O N G.

Tune—" *While I quaff the rosy bowl.*"

By Mr. Oakman.

WHILE the circling glass I view,
 Then my transports I renew;
 All is happy, all is gay,
 While I laugh, and sing away :
 Mirth and jollity is mine,
 When I quaff the sparkling wine.

Thus Anacreon of old
 Liv'd, as we by Fame are told ;
 Love and wine, was all his song,
 Mirth and pleasure to prolong ;
 I, like him, to that incline,
 While I quaff the sparkling wine.

Thus my spirits raising high,
 Fickle Fortune I defy ;
 Then I think of ev'ry grace,
 Chloe, in thy lovely face ;
 Then to love I must incline,
 While I quaff the sparkling wine.

BACHELOR'S

BACHELOR'S HALL,

By Mr. DIBDIN.

TO Bachelors Hall we good fellows invite,
 To partake of the chace that makes up our
 delight;
 We have spirits like fire, and of health such a
 stock,
 That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a
 clock.
 Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a
 grace,
 That Diana had dub'd some new Gods of the
 chace.

C H O R U S.

Hark away! hark away! all nature looks gay,
 And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
 A better fleet gelding, ne'er hunter did back.
 Tom Trip rode a bay, full of mettle and bone;
 And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;
 But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
 Was the 'Squire's Neck-o'nothing, and that was
 a grey.

C H O R U S.

Hark away! hark away! while our spirits are
 gay,
 Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

G 3

Then

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well
that climbs rocks ;

And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox :

Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferrit and
fearch,

And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at the
lurch ;

Young Slylooks, that scents the strong breeze
from the south,

And musical Echowell with his deep mouth.

Hark away ! &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,

'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud,

And for hounds our opinions with thousands
we'll back,

That all England throughout can't produce such
a pack :

Thus having describ'd you, dogs, horses and crew,
Away we sat off, for the fox is in view,

Hark away ! &c.

Sly Reynard brought home, while the hounds
sound a call,

And now you are welcome to Bachelor's Hall ;

The savory firlin grateful smokes on the board,

And Bacchus pours wine from his plentiful
hoard ;

Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,

And enjoy the sweet pleasure that springs from
the chace.

PATRICK

PATRICK O'ROW,

By Mr. DIBDIN.

PATRICK O'Row is my name,
 My calling's the trade of a boxer;
 I'm a dev'l of a fellow for fame,
 Why I'm bottom like any game cock, Sir.
 Oh I tips them so tight,
 Left or right,
 And to blind 'em, so well I know how,
 To the spine of the back I am blood,
Ab honey! 'twould do your heart good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

I presently knock down my men,
 Your servant, says I, pray call again;
 Then I close up their peepers, and then,
 I wish you good night, Mr. Galaghan.
 Were alive Master Slack,
 On his back
 I'd lay him as flat as he's now;
 'Tis my washing, my lodging, and food,
Ab honey! &c.

There's Johnson, and George, and Big Ben,
 Three bruifers that well can rally you,
 Tho' they thumpr the three Birmingham men,
 Says I, my lads, little I value you.
 Mendoza and Ward
 Can strike hard,
 And to stop, and put in, well know how;
 Nay, they're every taef af them blood,
Yet honey, 'twould do them all good,
To be &c.

Wid

Wid a handful of fellows like these,
 Britannia, what glory I'd bring her to ;
 Let the Spaniards come on when they please,
 Devil burn me, we'd teach them a ting or two :
 Wid a phalanx of fists
 In our lifts,
 So nately we'd bodder their giow,
 We'd presently try if they're blood,
Ab honey ! 'twould do their pride good,
To be &c.

Come all ye tight lads, who would earn
 True fame, in a possee gather ye,
 How your country you'd serve, would you
 learn,
 Just only come here, 'till I lather ye :
 Oh, I'll make you so tight,
 Left and right,
 And each knock me down argument know,
 Come here then, and try if your blood,
Devil burn me, 'twould do your hearts good,
To be &c.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

'T WAS Saturday night, the twinkling stars,
 Shone on the rippling sea, ;
 No duty call'd the jovial tars,
 The helm was lash'd a lee.

The

The ample can adorn'd the board,
 Prepar'd to see it out,
 Each gave the las that he ador'd,
 And push'd the grog about.

Cry'd honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
 A frigate neat and trim,
 All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast,
 I'd venture life and limb;
 Sail seven years and ne'er see land,
 With dauntless heart, and stout,
 So tight a vessel to command——
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cry'd little Jack, my Poll,
 Sailing in comely state,
 Top gal'nt sails set, she is so tall
 She looks like a first rate:
 Ah! would she take her Jack in tow,
 A voyage for life throughout,
 No better birth I'd wish to know——
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cry'd I, my charming Nan,
 Trim, handsome, neat, and tight;
 What joy, so fine a ship to man,
 Oh! she's my heart's delight,
 So well she bears the storms of life,
 I'd sail the world throughout,
 Brave ev'ry toil, for such a wife,——
 Then push the grog about.

Thus

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
 Each best his manner try'd ;
 'Till summon'd by the empty can,
 They to their hammocks hy'd ;
 Yet still did they their vigils keep,
 Tho' the huge can was out :
 For in soft visions, gentle sleep
 Still push'd the grog about.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

A DIEU, adieu, my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee ;
 Remember thou'rt a Soldier's wife,
 Those tears do ill become thee.
 What tho' by duty I am call'd,
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle ;
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd
 When on the wings of thy dear love
 To heav'n above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown ;
 The tender pray'r
 Thou put'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving ;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving :

Let

Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thundering cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile
 Some kindred God inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.
 I go, assur'd, my life, adieu,
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalks in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
To heav'n above, &c.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

By Mr.. DIBDIN.

I Sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My jib, how it smack'd thro' the breeze,
 She's a vessel as tight to my fancy,
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
 Then adieu to the white cliffs of Briton,
 Our girls and our dear native shore,
 For if some hard rock we should split on,
 We ne'er shall see them any more.

*But sailors are born for all weathers,
 Great Guns, let it blow high, blow low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must go.*

When

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought she'd have sunk ;
 For the wind so began for to alter,
 She yaw'd just as tho'f she was drunk.
 The squall tore the main-sail to shivers,
 Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
 Brace the foresail athwart, see, she quivers,
 As thro' the rough tempest she flies.

But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black just as pitch was the sky ;
 When truly a doleful disaster,
 Befel three poor sailors, and I,
 Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfall,
 By a blast that came furious and hard,
 Just while we were furling the mainsail,
 Were every soul swept from the yard.

But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cry'd peccavi.
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,
 While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
 Well, what would you have ? we were stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew,
 Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
 But I, and, I think, twenty two,

But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarry'd,
 Another guess way sat the wind,
 For to England I came and got marry'd
 To a lass that is comely and kind ;
 But whether for joy or vexation,
 We know not for what we were born,
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

But sailors, &c.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

By Mr. Dibdin.

I'M jolly Dick, the Lamplighter,
 They say the Sun's my dad;
 And truly, I believe it, Sir,
 For I'm a pretty lad:
 Father and I the world do light,
 And make it look so gay,
 The diff'rence is I light by night,
 And father lights by day.

But father's not the like of I,
 For knowing life and fun;
 For I strange tricks and fancies spy,
 Folks never shew the sun:
 Rogues, owls, and bats, can't bear the light,
 I've heard your wife one's say;
 And so d'ye mind, I sees at night,
 Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
 As quite a usefess task!
 And many a face, and many a heart,
 Will then pull off the mask;
 Each formal prude, and holy wight,
 Will throw disguise away,
 And sin it openly at night,
 Who fainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views;
 Misses from friends decamp;
 And many a statesman mischief brews,
 To his country, o'er his lamp.

H

So

So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 Are just in the same lay,
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
 And he false saints by day.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, at the Royal Circus.

COME, come, my lads, the war is o'er,
 The ships all off are paying,
 Sheets, cables, halliards us'd no more,
 Are up in ord'nary laying.
 The fearful dangers of the main,
 Give way to bowls and glasses,
 And jolly sailors once again,
 Are sporting with their lasses.
 The boatswain who so shrilly pipes,
 No longer are we hearing,
 In dock he tosses off the swipes,
 At landlord hoarsely swearing.
 The bottle wars not, nor the main,
 (Except while o'er our glasses)
 We count our dangers once again,
 To please our pretty lasses.

Come, then, my hearts, we've prov'd in war,
 We dare meet ev'ry trial,
 In peace by our demeanor fair,
 Let's shew we're subjects loyal.
 And when the duties of the main,
 Demand us from our glasses;
 We'll fight as we prepare again,
 To leave our pretty lasses.

PATTY

PATTY'S THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

Sung by Mr. Darley, at Vauxhall,

NO wonder I'm now seen to grieve,
 Who was wont to be lively and smart ;
 Nor can any my sorrows relieve,
 But Patty, the girl of my heart.

Her absence I'll ne'er cease to mourn,
 Nor my pangs of distress to impart
 To the world, 'till I gain the return
 Of Patty, sweet girl of my heart.

With an anxious impatience I burn,
 And sooner with life would I part,
 Than wait in suspense the return
 Of Patty, dear girl of my heart.

But she hastes, and forbids me to mourn.
 Nay she tells me she'll ne'er again part,
 And I now bless the happy return
 Of Patty, the girl of heart.

THE FATE OF POOR JACK.

DEAR Poll do not grieve when I bid you
 farewell,
 For your sighs and your tears are in vain :
 How hard is my lot, to leave you, my girl,
 Perhaps, ne'er to see you again ?
 My country calls me, and it must be obey'd,
 Since by duty I'm bound to the sea ;
 'Tis honour that tells me not to be dismay'd,
 But still of good courage to be.

May peace to our isle be restor'd once more,
 Then again to your arms I'll fly back,
 At night on your bed when you hear the wind roar
 You'll think on the fate of poor Jack.
 Come, do not repine, nor give way to despair,
 But believe it is all for my good;
 With the sons of Britannia my fate I will share,
 And behave as a gallant tar should:
 I'll banish each fear, when we meet with the foe,
 To conquer, for that is my wish:
 But if I am shot, overboard I must go,
 At the bottom make food for the fish;
 My fortune in war may be like many more,
 With the loss of a limb I come back;
 At night on your bed, when you hear the wind
 roar,
 You'll think on the fate of poor Jack.
 Until my return I'll hope all for the best,
 Upon cowardice look as a sin,
 I'll brave out the fight, and stick tight to my test,
 And die for my country and king;
 When engage is the word, our quarters we take,
 We make the dull foe take their flight;
 We crowd all our sail, and after 'em make,
 To die we would rather than strike;
 If we beat the proud Dons, as we've oft done before,
 Then I, love, with riches come back,
 No longer you'll list when you hear the wind
 roar,
 But you'll smile on the fate of poor Jack.

 THE ENGLISH WEDDING.

Tune—" *An old Woman clothed in grey.*"

By W. H. Hall, Esq.

ATTEND to the tale which I sing,
 You lasses who are very pretty;
 'Tis a story that's fit for a king,
 Because it was done in the city.

Tom Trip was a saucy old blade,
 He fear'd neither bailiff nor dunner ;
 His daughter a charming young maid,
 Was ply'd by Jack Prime the gunner.

Tom Trip first open'd the bulk,
 By asking Jack what weight of metal ;
 But alas ! he was now a shear hulk,
 He seem'd quite as dry the kettle.
 If you're dumb to the matter I ask,
 Cry'd old honest Tom, to poor Jack,
 Why, to be sure, it is no great task,
 To haul the small vessel aback.

Poll saw Jack so readily strike,
 She her father implor'd to consider ;
 She said, as how, very like,
 He might be better than a higher bidder.
 The bargain went off in a crack,
 And Tom join'd the couple together,
 Thus was marry'd honest poor Jack,
 The sport of foul winds and bad weather.

THE TIMES.

By W. H. Hall, Esq.

Tune—" *All hail to the king.*"

BEHOLD on the main, our forces again,
 Their colours do boldly display ;
 No foe dare restrain, so hardy a train,
 Accustom'd to carry the sway :
 From Britain they came, the island of fame,
 Where party is only debate.
 For in ev'ry degree, bold Britons are free,
 To stand as the pillars of state.

H. 3

Brave

Brave tars are no slaves, true sons of the waves,
 Who stand forth in liberty's cause ;
 What nation, on earth, to such heroes gave birth,
 That always have gain'd such applause :
 Let bravado's advance, from Spain and from
 France.

To amuse their internal dissensions ;
 But with men of renown, whose actions still crown
 These are but of puny dimensions.
 Behold now my boast, Old England's my toast,
 Where freedom her standard has rais'd ;
 Let no clamours abound, on superficial ground,
 True glory deserves to be prais'd :
 Our records of old, history has told,
 As deeds of heroic display ;
 Long may we sing, freedom and our king,
 The toast of the times for the day.

THE KING OF DRUNKARDS.

Tune—"Welcome, welcome brother debtor."

By W. H. Hall, Esq.

COME, brave boys, who're fond of drinking,
 Sit you down and drain the cask ;
 Nought but spirits can thus be thinking,
 Raise the fumes to fill the flask.

Nature boasts, she gives directions.

To the sons of toil and care ;

But with Bacchus,—no reflections,

Dur'st with drinking interfere.

Can glory's standard, rais'd in battle,

Guard the chief from wild dismay ?

Yet, where cannon balls do rattle,

Courage gains, if moist your clay.

See

See the Dons in sober sadness,
 Fly before the sons of Mars;
 Whilst good flip, the food of gladness,
 Animates the British tars.
 Fill the rosy liquor-higher,
 Let none his bumper e'er controul;
 At this task we'll never tire,
 But again we'll fill the bowl,
 View sprightly health, how she sips it,
 Sure sparkling liquor is divine:
 To the King of Drunkards, tip it,
 Now fill your glasses,—punch and wine.

THE BULLS OF LONDON.

Tune—"Old Sir Simon the King."

By W. H. Hall, Esq.

AS Tabby she sat by the glass,
 Purring to please by her winking,
 Her mistress near her did pass,
 To get out the bottle for drinking.
 The toilet so rudely was plac'd,
 The candle gave heat to its body;
 The cat she got foully disgrac'd,
 Because her mistress was noddy;
 Now Molly she scream'd out aloud,
 And gave room for all to enquire,
 Quickly assembled a croud,
 To help to extinguish the fire:
 But little was now to be seen,
 Except the crackt glass on the floor,
 The sharps were eagerly keen,
 To put out the lots at the door.
 Simon the worthy and pure,
 Had from the Change just return'd,
 When 'twas too late for the cure,
 For most of his sticks were now burn'd:

The engines were all in the street,
 Tho' no spark could any behold,
 The neighbours did courteously greet,
 That Deborah was not in death's fold.
 The Quaker he saw 'twas in vain,
 To fret at the changes in life,
 He knew, 'twas but shame to complain,
 When it only exposed his wife.
 " Now friends (quoth the steady good man)
 " Thy kindness favours't of cunning,
 " In future I'll do what I can,
 " To avoid the bulls of London."

THE SHAMROCK.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the London Tavern, on St.
 Patrick's Day, 1791.*

BRAVE sons of Hibernia, your Shamrocks
 display,
 For ever made sacred to St. Patrick's day,
 'Tis the type of religion, the badge of our Saint,
 And a plant of that soil, which no venom can
 taint,

C H O R U S.

*Then with Shamrocks as myrtles, let's garnish the bowl,
 In converse convivial, and fleet flow of soul:
 To our Saint make oblations of gen'rous wine,
 What Saint would have more, sure 'tis worship divine.
 Both Venus and Mars to our land lay a claim,
 Their title is own'd and recorded by fame;
 But St. Patrick to friendship had hallowed the
 ground,
 And bade hospitality ever abound.*

Now with Shamrocks, &c.

*Tho' jovial and festive in seeming excess,
 We've hearts sympathetic of others distress;
 May our Shamrock continue to flourish and prove,
 An emblem of charity friendship and love.
 Still with Shamrocks, &c.*

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS,

BY W. H. HALL, ESQ.

THE glorious triad, still be our toast,
The King, and the people of freedom to boast.
May George the Great, be greater still,
His taxes lessen—yet his coffers fill.
May Popularity select her choice
From Freedom's sons, and by Virtue's voice.
May Error guard the hoard of the Peculator,—
And may open shame, be the gift of each spectator.
May English tars their native rights maintain,
That England's flag must only rule the main.
May the King with his people always agree,
That no subject's a Briton without liberty.
May the Queen of our Isle for ever be such,
That, tho' great our regard—it can't be too much.
May the Minister's friends be liberty's tribe,
To spurn away faction and every bribe.
When honour prescribes a dose for the state,
May justice administer the same to the great.
Where royalty warms the heart of desire,
May prudence still quench ambition's base fire.
Of worth by our standard, may heroes still claim,
That a Briton's the highest, of the records of fame.
May the log-book of party, ever contain
The distress of shipwreck, for policy gain.
Where the house is divided for sinister views,
May the premier be defeated in ev'ry cruise.
The King who rules by mild dictates of sway,
May ev'ry loyal subject duly obey.
May the apparent Heir apparent virtues shew;
That a subject's greatest care, from his rule shall flow.
May the stock of bribery never produce a swarm,
Thro' the prolific warmth of the treasury.
May corruption's representatives be stigmatized by the odium
of Tory influence.
May the epithets Whig and Tory,
Never raise venality's pride or glory.
The friends of Great Britain—and the pillars of state—but
none near Whitehall.
May plenty of heroes ever be found,
Who wish to chastise the Dons in Nootka Sound.
May honesty pervade the systematic arrangements of political
projectors.
May the dome of adulation, be the fan of party whose prin-
ciples are corrupted by lucre.
May insensibility tread heavy on the gouty toes of faction.

May the toys of a court never influence a faithful member to desert his colours.

May the sunshine of Ministerial influence, be quickly succeeded by the blight of Opposition.

May our only emulation be in the support of civil and religious liberty.

May the advocate of dishonour, receive the wages of his merit with grief and shame.

May honesty's advocate be the favourite of justice in every court.

May prudence be the favourite of charity, so as to guard the avenues of deception.

Where profession is the sole fabric of insinuation, may truth quickly unveil the pretender.

In a land of liberty, may property be ever held sacred from the inroads of injustice.

May fraud never be sanctioned by the approbation of conscience.

May religion and law be the food of a temperate state, but never be administered by compulsion.

May the frowns of misfortune never be a mask to prohibit friendship.

May the lines of temptation go no further than to betray the proposer.

The three B's—Britain, Beer and Brandy.

May gladness await the last act of industry, as a reward for her toil.

May the significant air of presumption be a note of admiration to avoid the character.

May the dogmas of the positive man, be a lesson of advice to his auditors.

When folly claims attention, may laughter preclude him an audience.

Where error finds the way to injure our principles, may truth quickly follow to chastise the intruder.

May the gauntlet of vice be worn by the adherents of iniquity.

May the sobriety of virtue, be an inducement for reason to associate with so safe a companion.

May love never want an advocate, if he be introduced by family hymen.

May vice suffer loss in all her traffic, and be a bankrupt to virtue.

May the harmony of social life be the criterion of connubial melody.

May the symphony of love be the key notes of moderation.

May the jarrings of party produce the harmonic modulation of government concert.

May the three C's always command,

Credit, Claret, and Cash in our land.

The unity of peace and the spirit of war, may pervade the
 sinews of governments.

When love leaves the doors of chastity ajar, may honour guard
 the entrance.

When success crowns the attack of innocence, may remorse
 force the marauder to make compensation.

The chaste fair whose sprightly face,

Does heav'n guard by courteous grace.

The hieroglyphics of Eden—a man and woman in naked truth.

The source of virtue to the female traducer—restraint and ug-
 linefs.

May the field of reason be the boundary of the walks of fancy.

When nature locks the door, may the key of artifice lose its
 ward.

When the old crocodile feigns tears of contrition, may the
 juvenile fair, fly from the sound.

The purity of primitive simplicity may still be the aim of fe-
 male innocence.

When Hypocrisy holds the scale, may rigid conscience poise
 the balance.

When justice executes her final forms, may only the atroc-
 ious be enrolled culprits.

When the tranquil rest of peace solaces the partaker, may
 health and competence be his guests.

May the human span of life be formed of pliant materials, to
 guard the road of reason.

May the cheek of virtue never be put to the blush by the
 tongue of obscenity.

May wisdom's children partake of the light of knowledge to
 the advancement of social love.

May the policies of self-interest lose by the commerce of in-
 tegrity,

When love freights the bark, may the hand of fidelity steer
 the helm.

When beauty is the proposed cargo of fortune, may the storms
 of temptation be in other seas.

Where trade ships the crew, may the voyage be prosperous.

Where villainy commands, may the battalion share the fate
 of Pharaoh's host.

May the betrayer of faith be ever cursed with faithless associates.

May the fate of the Bastile attend the fabric of every despotic
 government.

When love attacks the fort of virtue, may the code of hymen
 produce articles of capitulation.

May the prince who dares to curtail the dom of liberty,
 find an Oliver to judge his deeds.

May usurpers receive rewards from the hands of the people.

May poverty never have so much influence as to occasion the violation of established law.

May the providence of defence, be still a shield to the afflicted.

May the evil of evils attend the promoter of public burdens.

May the wisdom of both houses, scheme a lighter tax on every house.

May Tower-hill be ever remembered by the tools of faction.

May industry be ever guided by integrity, and rewarded by benevolence.

When valour claims the wreath, may the laurels be vernal till
doomsday.

May religion and philosophy never go into the regions of uncertainty, to rouse the dire fiends of bigotry.

May heaven regard the estate of the oppressed and remove their distresses.

May truth never want an advocate to assert its genuine principles when unvarnished in recital.

The profanity of freedom, and confusion to the leaders of slavery.

May France still vie with us in that precious commodity of
liberality of sentiment.

May the Dens have reason to rue the claim of founding Nootka.

May the confederate enemies of our nation be humbled to the lion's paw.

May arts and sciences, with British arms,

Indulge our knowledge—and guard us from alarms.

May literary merit be sanctioned by royal patronage and liberality.

The works of providence divinely fair,

May they us teach, and his great truths declare.

When Fox and Pitt about a creed disagree,

May neither be orthodox to you or to me,

When parties wrangle, and boast of a name,

May patriots know they disgrace their name.

May honesty find a guide to Westminster Hall, and honour
to St. James's.

May the majority of both houses be on the side of the subject.

May the hireling of deputed or delegated power, be as certain of justice as the Monster.

May party monsters still perceive,

That in others will their kind deceive.

May the blight of jealous fears be far away,

From the constant heart and dear liberty's day.

May honor attend the good and brave,

That b^l us detest each party slave.

